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RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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HANS THE MISER.

A TALE OF CENTRAL GERMANY.

Many years ago, there lived in a small village in the centre of the Hartz mountains, in a picturesque valley, a little old man, at least apparently old, for he was not more than fifty. He lived by himself, and even his cottage was detached some little distance from the rest, at least twice the distance from the nearest; the others were from each other, and higher up the mountain. Now this old man would have been a very good fellow, if avarice had not taken so fierce a hold of him that he sacrificed every thing to the love of money; he was like many in those mountains, an itinerant lapidary, or rather a seeker of precious stones on the adjoining mountains. He had been very successful, in fact, had found several very valuable ones, besides others of less value, all of which he took to the nearest town to a lapidary there, who bought from all the country, and worked them into form altogether; and taking great care of what he got, Hans Grubbenorf, for that was his name, had realized quite a fortune, that is, a large sum of money for that place; for large fortunes, like most other things, are comparative. Well, this same Hans Grubbenorf, like all misers, was not always content; he would watch his neighbours on Sunday evenings at their merry-makings in the village, which he could see well enough from his window. Well, he would watch them on their holidays, and would have liked to join too very much; he would sometimes go so far as to put on his cap and go out to join them, but his courage always failed him before he got there, and then he would hold some such dialogue as the following: now Avarice would whisper, "If you go there you must spend money instead of getting any;" then he would reply, "It would only be a groshen at the outside;" then would Avarice say, "Perhaps not, but if you spend a groshen you would have a groshen the less; besides getting you into expensive habits, you will be wanting to join all their merry-makings. Bah! I am ashamed of you, get your hammer and spade and get to work, you will be getting something then, and out of the way of all temptation; or go to bed, that you may be up betimes in the morning, and so have the start of those foolish merry people; they have scarcely anything of their own; they ought to be ashamed of themselves; instead of making that disturbance, they should be working their fingers to the bone that they might have something for themselves and families, and then they might have some cause for merriment. And there is that old curé, he is never so happy as when he is looking on and encouraging them. I dare say he makes money by it, for he is always making them give something to people who he says are in distress, who if they are, why do not they work, and so get out of it." Now this was rather a mistake in Avarice to suggest such a thing; for one time, when Hans was very ill and could not leave his bed, this same old curé came to see him, and being something of a physician, as they generally are, he not only prescribed for him but brought him the medicines, besides many nice things that he could fancy; he likewise desired the neighbours, who nothing loth, as he was ill, to go to him, comfort him, and take him many trifling things of no great value in themselves, but still very useful, and just the thing he most wanted at that time. This he told Avarice, who rejoined, "So he did, so he did; but if you had gone to church, and done all he wished you to do after you got well, (which you would have done had I let you,) you do not know how he would have made you pay for it. In the first place, there would be giving to all who are ill, and there is always some one or another ill, or something the matter. Then their cows and sheep are getting killed in the winter by the wolves, or some accident happening, and you would have to help all these to buy some more cows or sheep, or to get well." "And did not they do so to me?" "Nonsense, get as much as you can, and keep it, never help any one when you will get nothing by it. Now I think of it, I wonder if they have stolen any of your money to make them so merry; and that old curé always had a hankering after it, if he ever had the chance would be sure to take it." Now this was a "stagger," and in he would run to see if his money was all safe, as it was sure to be, none there would have touched it with a pair of tongs; and when he found it all safe he would be delighted, and sit and imagine impossible sums (at least impossible to him) put out on good security at 50 per cent. interest, and what a happy man he should be, for misers are almost always happy in a future instead of the present tense.

Sometimes when he was troubled by beggars, which was a rare event, as they are not so plentiful

there as here, and when they asked him for a trifle for the love of God, he would abuse them, and swear at religion, saying it was all a humbug from beginning to end; he was sure it was invented by some clever beggar to be enabled to get more money by it. But as the curé once told him, if it was a humbug, it was a most satisfactory one to all who followed its precepts; whether rich or poor, they were always much better and happier for it. Hans said he was not sure of that, for nobody practised it except those who were poor, and it was a good thing for them, for they got something by it. Then the curé told him he was quite mistaken, for in the country he came from there were many rich persons, good pious souls, who frequently gave away in one day more money than Hans was possessed of; and they never accounted themselves the poorer for it, but a great deal happier, in fact, more happy in relieving the distresses of others than Hans was in scraping and hoarding as he did. Now this part of the story Hans would never believe, thinking, as many do, that when a person speaks of anything out of, to them, the common course of events, it was all "travellers' tales."

One day as Hans was going about his usual occupation, he met a little girl crying, who asked him to go and see her father, who had fallen down one of the rocks and was nearly killed, and she was going for the curé to help him, as she was certain he would. Now this was best part of a mile from his home, and a short distance from the cottage; Hans thought he would go and see him, although he did not like it, but he made up his mind to go before the curé came, and so keep out of his way, as he would most likely try to make him give them something, and he did not know how it was he always found great difficulty in refusing him. Now this girl's father had married a girl for whom Hans once had a great affection, and might have married if he had not been so avaricious; but she was as poor as he was himself then, and he had too many doubts as to how he should get on if he had a large family, as if that ever injured any one who was moderately prudent. It seldom comes on all at once, and each event naturally spurs on a man's energy, so that large families often succeed in life better than small ones. But, however, he had so many doubts and delays that she would not wait any longer, but married her present husband, with whom she had lived very happily until the present time, and who about an hour previously had met with the accident before related.

When Hans entered the cottage he saw a sad sight indeed; there was the father laid on the floor disfigured and bleeding, with scarcely sufficient strength to move a limb; the mother and five children (they had six) lying in a corner ill with the typhus fever, and half dead. All the doors and windows were closed, which is the case nine times out of ten, preventing a breath of fresh air from fanning their fevered cheeks; and thus living in a pestilential atmosphere until death closes the scene, unless some kind and judicious friend insists on admitting the healthful breeze with no sparing hand. Well, you may believe Hans was much shocked, besides greatly afraid of catching the fever; and if he had known they had it, no power on earth would have induced him to go. All combined had a very great effect on him, and after some struggles he gave them a few coins to procure the common necessaries of life, as the husband's accident had deprived them of all support. Then in a surly tone telling them to mind and get quite well directly, and not lie there to make their neighbours maintain them, he wished them good day, resolving not to go there again, at least as long as there was any remains of the fever: and yet he went away a happier man than he was in the morning, which he could not account for, seeing that the money was lost to him and his heirs for ever, and therefore he thought he ought to be rather melancholy.

Not many days after he resolved to go farther into the mountains than he had ever been before, in order to try new ground, and get more than where he and his neighbours had tried so often; so he shouldered his wallet and tools, not intending to return for some days; he travelled on, searching as he went, for precious stones, the most likely places, for he was well versed in his business, and was tolerably successful; when looking up, he saw to his great surprise on the top of a mountain before him a large and magnificent church; he rubbed his eyes and looked again, but still it was there. He thought it was very strange, for none of the neighbours had heard of it, neither had the curé, and yet it was not fifty miles from them. After looking at it for some time, to be certain it was a church and no illusion, he resolved to go up to it, for never in his life had he seen anything so beautiful; and it must have been beautiful to make Hans go out of his way to examine it, for misers are not remarkable for seeing beauty in anything but money. Now Hans travelled in as direct a line as possible, still keeping the church in view, and thinking that what the curé had told him must be true, for that church must have cost an immense sum of money, and there must have been some persons to give it, but how they could part with so much Hans could not conceive.

On turning the corner of the hill Hans was accosted by a stranger, for he thought they had never met before, and was not a little surprised when the stranger said, "So Hans Grubbenorf, you are come seeking wherewith to add to your store." "Well, that's true, and no harm neither master." "Certainly not, if followed with moderation. I will show you where there is much more treasure than you ever saw yet, if you will come with me to that church." "That I will with great pleasure, I was going there myself," and Hans thought within himself, "If there is so much I shall surely be able to get some, and if it does belong to some one else, he must keep a sharp look out if I do not have some. I wonder when I should take anybody to see my

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Visit these souls of thine,
And fill the hearts which thou hast framed,
With thine own grace divine.

O Thou, whose name is Comforter!
Rich treasure from above,
Fountain of grace, and flowing Spring,
Of life, and light, and love.

O Thou, whose grace is seven-fold!
The Father's promise, given
To teach the feeble tongue of man
The eloquence of Heaven.

Shed o'er our minds thy heavenly light,
Warm with thy love our hearts,
That love, which to the fainting soul,
Solace and strength imparts.

Far from us chase the deadly foe,
Peace for the soul provide;
Through all the cares and toils of life,
Be thou our faithful guide.

Spirit of truth, give us to know
One God, in Persons three,
To praise with all the choirs above
This Glorious Mystery.

A TRULY PHILANTHROPIC INSTITUTION.

About four miles from Tours is the agricultural colony of Mettray—an institution which appears to meet with very general approbation in France. Its two chief founders and zealous directors, Monsieur Demetz and Le Vicomte Brétignères de Courteilles are praised on every side. Mr. Murray's Hand-book says, that the establishment "will be visited by all who take an interest in the improvement of their fellow-creatures." It is only about four years old, and the objects of its care are youths, who have subjected themselves to legal punishment; though not as hardened offenders, and in whose case there have been such extenuating circumstances (to use a favourite word of French law), as gross ignorance, evident dulness of conscience, abandonment on the part of their parents, notoriously bad education, &c. The aim of the system is that of enlightening their minds, improving their disposition and habits, and of so training them up that they may be brought to prefer a life of active industry to one of idleness and crime. The means used, according to an extract from the first article of the statutes are these:—a moral and religious education, general elementary instruction, the acquisition of a trade or other calling, application to agricultural labour, and their subsequent establishment in the country with artizans or farmers. I have before me the report of 1843, containing an account of the proceedings at the general meeting of the founders, or, as we should call them, subscribers, held in Paris, on the 12th of March last. It consists of a short introductory discourse of the president, the well-known and esteemed Count de Gasparin; of the annual report of the two directors, giving a detail of the state of the colony, as well as of the subsequent conduct of the youths who had quitted the institution, which is rightly considered as the really conclusive test of the value of the institution; of a financial statement by Monsieur Gouin, the banker of Tours; and of a list of the subscribers. I mention the last point, as from this list may be learned the general estimation attached throughout France to the design, and to show that it is not one of mere local celebrity. Among these subscribers are the king and other members of the royal family; a vast number of distinguished public bodies, such as Cours Royales, Conseils Généraux des Départements, Tribunaux Civils, &c. and many philanthropic societies. I see also that more than two thousand five hundred names are inscribed on the register, as having visited the colony. The various buildings connected with the establishment are erected in a pleasant situation among copses and varied scenery, close to the country residence of the Viscount Brétignères de Courteilles. This very proximity and local intimacy which he has effected in behalf of his philanthropic design proves how much his heart is in the cause thus ever placed contiguous to him, and permanently adopted as a portion of his family concerns. Among the edifices are a church, an admirably furnished school-room, workshops, and dwelling-houses for the young men. The neatness of their dormitories, and the order in which every article of dress and furniture appeared were perfect. After visiting these buildings, we went to the depository where various articles made by the colonists were on sale, also sundry publications and documents relative to the institution. Adjoining was a garden in which two or three of the young men were at work. The great body of them were engaged in the cultivation of the land in various parts of the farm. Their dress is very peculiar; I believe intentionally so, that the conduct of the colonists, whether good or bad, may be always open to the public eye. It consists of a broad hat, short, striped cloak of peculiar form and material, with light trousers and gaiters. When first I saw one of them in the streets of Tours, I asked who he could possibly be. No one, I think, can visit the colony of Mettray, read the statements (most fairly and accurately drawn up) on the present state and future prospects of the colony, or hear the general opinion on the subject expressed in the neighbourhood, without being convinced that much effectual benefit has been already conferred on the inmates of the institution, and on those who have already gone forth from its fostering care. And the country is much indebted to the zealous and persevering founders who still, with unwearied attention, cherish the work which they so ably commenced.—*Rev. F. Trench's Diary in France in* 1844.

THE CROSS.

"And it almost seems as if God had marked the cross on the things that we see around us, on purpose that we should never be able to forget it. You cannot see a bird fly in the air, but with his wings he makes the sign of the cross; teaching us thereby that, if we also seek to rise above this world, it can only be by means of the same holy thing. You cannot see a tree, but its side branches and trunk present the same figure; reminding us of that tree to which our Lord was nailed, and the glorious fruit which it has brought forth throughout the earth. You cannot see a ship, but the cross is set forth by its mast and shrouds, showing us by what means we may hope to pass the waves of this troublesome world. Flowers have the cross painted on their leaves—sunset skies, in their clouds; and in the Southern hemisphere, there is a beautiful constellation which bears its name." Rev. J. M. Neale.—*(Christian Heroism.)*

The usual ejaculation of St. Francis was, "My God and my all;" that of St. Vincent of Paul, "In nomine Domini," "in the name of the Lord;" that of St. Bruno, "O goodness of God!"

NEGLECT OF PRAYER.

"Dear Ellen, do make haste, indeed I am afraid papa will be very cross with you," said little Mary Harcourt to her sister, who was hurriedly preparing to join her father at the breakfast table; "and you know," continued the child, "that you promised him so many times, that this morning you would rise early."—"Well, but my dear little sister, I am ready now, and papa is very kind, he will forgive me this once; I have only kept him half an hour beyond the time he stated," was the answer of Ellen, as fondly kissing the little girl, she hastened with her to the breakfast parlour. But for once Ellen calculated too much on the indulgence of her father, whose patience had oftentimes been sorely tried by her idleness and want of punctuality. "Half past eight, Ellen," he sternly said as his daughter entered the room, "and my breakfast is completed before you make your appearance; now no more promises," he continued, as he saw she was about to speak, "I grieve to say I can place no dependance upon them. For hours past have the birds been singing their matin song, and the bright sunbeams streamed into the chamber of my idle daughter, and found her wasting those hours in slumbers which should be given to the duties of her state."

Mr. Harcourt doated on his children, and to be spoken to in a severe tone was a thing quite unknown to Ellen, who, bursting into tears, earnestly protested that this morning should indeed be the last on which her father should have cause to complain of her idleness. Mr. Harcourt, however, replied, that he feared that this fault led to another, yet greater, for he could scarcely believe that the first duty of the day was properly attended to. "Answer me, my child," he said, "when you knelt this morning to thank Almighty God for having protected you during the night, and to beg his blessing for the ensuing day, were not your dovotions hurriedly and carelessly performed? Can you think, my Ellen, that such prayers will be heard?" Ellen blushed, and hung her head as her father spoke thus, and when he concluded, with many tears she owned that she had offered up no prayer to God that morning, but repeated her promises to be more faithful in the performance of her duty for the future. What will our young readers think if we tell them that it was not once, but frequently, that Ellen neglected her morning and evening prayers; but let them beware of indulging in one failing, for to many greater ones it will lead them in the end, as was the case with Ellen. She was now in her sixteenth year, and was not as idle as her father imagined her to be, but she was passionately fond of reading; and a large chest filled with books which had belonged to her deceased mother, being at her own disposal, together with free access to her father's well-filled book-case, with now and then a few volumes from a circulating library in the village, occupied much of that time which ought to have been given to her little duties. It was no unusual thing for Ellen to sit during the morning with her book in her hand, forgetful of the flight of time, till the return of little Mary from school warned her that she had scarcely left herself sufficient time to dress for dinner. After dinner she would again steal away to her books, provided she could do so without attracting the attention of her father, who, although aware of her fondness for reading, knew not that her late neglect of her little employments originated so much from this cause, as from a great indolence of which he believed her guilty. Then again, when Ellen retired to her chamber for the night, would she take up the story, or the poem, till the closing of her father's bed-room door, or the clock striking the hour of eleven, or sometimes twelve, made her put it reluctantly aside; then, too, would she kneel before her crucifix, and with heavy eyes and aching head attempt to pray. You may be sure, my young reader, that it was but an attempt, and that such prayers as Ellen sometimes offered up, must have been highly displeasing to Almighty God, for it was not unfrequently that she found her eyes closing, even whilst she knelt, and then angry with herself, she would rise from her knees, and resolve in her mind that this should positively be the very last night that she would retire to rest without attentively saying her prayers, and that for the future she would not read after entering her room for the night; and thus would she lie down to rest without having recourse to prayer, which alone could give her strength to resist the temptations of the following day. Morning again would come, her little sister would knock many times at the door of the sleepy Ellen, and the bright sunbeams have stolen into her chamber long ere she quitted it, and then again, at the most, one hasty carelessly said prayer was all she could find time to utter, before she answered her father's oft-repeated summons to the breakfast table; and thus had Ellen passed her life since the death of her mother, which took place a few months previous to the time at which we began our little tale. Ellen had been religiously brought up, and often when she looked at her neglected embroidery, and found she could no longer play to her father as well as she used when she was younger, would she blame herself bitterly, and she would at times remember, that her prayers were then duly and devoutly said, that her work was attended to, and not quite so much time bestowed upon books, although her mother allowed her to devote a tolerable portion every day for that purpose. Poor Ellen, how hard did she find it to conquer the bad habit she had contracted! But culpable as she was by her frequent omission of the greatest duty of the day, her neglect of her prayers, thus repeatedly breaking the first of God's holy commandments which enjoins us to adore and serve him, yet did Ellen love her religion, cheerfully would she accompany her father in a long walk of some miles through country lanes in their way to the chapel at which she was wont to hear mass; and whether heated by the scorching rays of the sun, or wet with the heavy

shower, yet did Ellen estimate properly the value of the blessing she enjoyed in being present at the Holy Sacrifice, from which nothing, save illness, could ever cause her to absent herself.

For a few weeks Ellen appeared an altered girl, she had given up her plan of nightly reading, and, consequently, had risen each morning at seven instead of half-past eight. The arrival of her only brother from London now occupied much of her time, for in a few weeks Charles Harcourt was to embark for India, in which country he was to remain for some years. Ellen loved her brother very dearly, and grudged every moment which was not spent in his company. One hour in the morning, and one in the afternoon, was devoted to reading an amusing and instructive book; the piano was again put in use, accompanied by Ellen's very sweet voice for the benefit of Charles; again was the long-neglected embroidery frame brought forward, but yet was there one great duty oftentimes disregarded; seldom would Ellen now retire to rest with her night prayers unsaid; from this, a superstitious fear withheld her, she feared to pass through the dark night without having first invoked the protection of our Heavenly Father, without calling on our Blessed Lady to intercede for her, but oh! how often in her nightly examination had she to accuse herself of her neglect of morning prayer! Poor Ellen, how foolishly did she act! for do not yet greater dangers beset our path during the day, than even in the dark hours of the night? is not the tempter ever striving by his evil suggestions to draw us from our duty? and where shall the Christian soul find aught to strengthen it, save in prayer? And so did Ellen find it; for a while she pleased her father by her early rising, nay, she was pleased with herself. Pride made her fancy that she had done wonders, and acquired a victory over herself, because she spent not the whole day in reading, because each night she said her prayers attentively, and did not neglect, as she once used, her daily examination of conscience, and each night too would she resolve not to omit her prayers the following morning; but when morning came, Ellen was sure to think of something which must be done ere she left her chamber, and then she would put off her prayers till after breakfast, and thus were they generally forgotten altogether. With her little sister the case was different: the one female servant whom Mr. Harcourt kept was a Catholic, and an elderly and respectable woman, and she took especial care that Mary should not be wanting in her duty through any fault of hers; but Miss Ellen was nearly sixteen, and poor Jane would never have thought of questioning her young mistress on such a point as this. But we return to our tale—quickly the days sped on till the week on which Charles was to leave the little village of B—— for Gravesend, from whence he was to embark for India. At Gravesend, however, it was necessary he should remain for a few days, during which time it was arranged that Ellen and Mary should, accompanied by Jane, take their final parting of their brother; we have already said that Ellen was very fond of him, and if any of our young readers have been parted for any length of time from a relation to whom they are much attached, they may imagine what she felt as the time approached for Charles to leave them, but at last the night arrived previous to the departure of the youth from his native village, and the melancholy little party were assembled for the last time in their little parlour. Mary was seated on her brother's knee, amusing him with her childish prattle, and Ellen had taken her work in her hand, and by bending over it sought to conceal the tears which coursed each other down her face, whilst her father was employed in finishing a few letters for friends in India. The golden rays of the setting sun were fading away, and Ellen reluctantly laid her work aside, for it was getting too dark to see any longer, and her father then proposed a walk through the village; they returned not till late, for the extreme beauty of the night prompted them to prolong their walk, the moon was high in the heavens, and the sky was studded with innumerable stars, and as the mournful party entered the little garden which surrounded the house, Charles again turned to survey the beauty of the scene: the air was loaded with the perfumes of the sweet summer flowers, and on the dark green leaves of the shrubs the dew-drops sparkled in the bright moon-beams like so many diamonds; the birds had long since sunk to rest, the casements of the numerous cottages were closed, and all nature seemed hushed in calmness and peace. Truly it was a night in which the most thoughtless must look up to nature's God, and glorify him in the excelling beauty of his works.

"A few months, my dear father," said Charles, "and I shall be beneath the scorching rays of India's sun, but never shall I forget this night, nor the pious feelings it has called forth. Well was it told me, when at college, that in every blade of grass, in every flower, we may glorify our God."

"And Charles will not forget, I feel assured," replied his father as they walked into the house, "the practice of the faith in which he has been nurtured, amongst the thoughtless and dissipated he will retain these pure feelings."

"That I will humbly trust I ever shall," returned the youth, "only pray for me, dear father; and you, my dear sisters, at morning and at night promise me that I shall not be forgotten." Ellen promised, but she did not immediately perform. Early on the following morning Charles departed for Gravesend, whither his father was to follow him, and the extreme grief which the sisters would otherwise have felt was broken by the remembrance that they would see their brother again ere he left England. Ellen, however, felt the day unusually long after their departure, and tying on her bonnet, desired Mary to accompany her into the village for a walk. In her way she called at a library for a little stationary which she required, and the owner of the shop, after expressing his surprise that Miss Harcourt had sent for no books lately, produced one which he recom-

mended as the last new work. For a moment Ellen faltered, but the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and the book was accordingly conveyed home. Whenever she could escape from her father's presence during the rest of the day, the book was being read with her former avidity, and when she retired for the night she could not refrain from taking it from her drawer to read.

Ellen was to rise early on the following morning, for her father was to leave the town by the first train, but she was deep in an interesting story, and the village clock struck the hours of ten, eleven, and twelve successively ere it was replaced, and then Ellen knelt before her crucifix.

It was between two and three in the morning before Mr. Harcourt retired to rest, for he had had much business in hand relative to his son's departure from England. Having, however, occasion to go out into the landing after he had placed his lamp in his room, he was much surprised to see a light gleaming from under the chamber door of his daughter. Somewhat alarmed, he softly opened it; but what a sight was before him! there knelt Ellen, not with her hands joined, but with her arms on the table, and buried in a deep sleep, whilst beside her was the almost expiring light which had attracted the attention of her father; and which, had she made the slightest movement, must have fallen on her muslin dress, and might have caused her death. Half bewildered at the suddenness with which her sleep had been disturbed by the shake her father gave her to arouse her from it, Ellen rose from her knees; she felt both shame and sorrow, but the events of the succeeding day will show how short-lived these feelings were. Before the sleepy Ellen had left her chamber the next morning Mr. Harcourt was far on the road to Gravesend, and by the evening's post came a letter to Ellen, telling her that her brother must leave England a day earlier than expected, and that she must be careful to leave B—— by four the next afternoon, otherwise she could not see Charles again, as the ship must sail early the next morning; and the letter was concluded with a command to be particularly punctual. Accordingly Ellen rose before eight o'clock, but contented herself with trusting every thing to Jane's management; after breakfast she practised for a short time, and then reflecting that it wanted some hours to four o'clock, shut herself in her bed-room with her book; at two Jane called her to dinner, and then ventured to remind her that she had better dress immediately, as it was advisable to be at the railway station at least a quarter of an hour before time, to which Ellen assented, adding that she would begin to prepare by three, and she should not be half an hour dressing. Poor Jane said no more, but she felt as if all would not go well. Ellen hastily took her dinner, and finding it wanted a quarter to three, again sat down with her fascinating volume. Three quarters of an hour passed away, and Jane, astonished that Miss Harcourt had not rung for her assistance, sent little Mary, ready equipped for her journey, to her sister's room, but the thoughtless girl, wholly unmindful of the flight of time, had made no preparation; then all was hurry and confusion, every minute was counted, and with a heated face Ellen left home at precisely ten minutes to four o'clock. Now it was a good twenty minutes' walk from the station; alternately they ran and walked, but all in vain; for once Ellen dearly paid for her neglect, it was five minutes past four when they arrived at the station, and the train had left, as her father had said, precisely at four o'clock. With eyes swollen with weeping Ellen went to bed that night; not for herself alone had she wept, but for her little sister, who was punished for her misconduct; her poor brother, too, many years would pass ere they would meet again, and her father, how she dreaded to see him!

Mr. Harcourt was, indeed, angry with Ellen for her misconduct, but he knew the punishment her fault had brought upon her was a very heavy one, and he forebore to revert to it; and one great good was effected by it, Ellen rightly laid her inability to resist temptation to her neglect of prayer. After this event she never sought her bed at night without praying to God with attention and recollection, nor did she ever rise at morning without thanking Him for the protection awarded her during the night, and begging his blessing on the succeeding day. May our young readers, if there be any who have ever fallen into Ellen's error, take a warning by our simple tale; years have pased on, and she is grown into womanhood; like her, they will find that all their good resolutions will be in vain if they break, by neglect of prayer, the first of God's holy commandments.

"During the middle ages the devotion of the people corresponded with the spirit of the church and the solicitude of the clergy. During the great week, every city was Jerusalem—and Jerusalem about to witness the crucifixion of the Messiah. A general agitation and fervour announced the entrance of our Lord on the first day. The whole population might be seen carrying branches of palm. So positive an event was this commemoration to the seraphic mind of St. Claira, that after walking in that train, agreeably to the advice of St. Francis, clad in her most sumptuous robes, she left the city secretly on the following night, to exchange, not in imagination, but in reality, the pleasures of the world for the tears of the passion, and the way of the children of vanity for that of the Son of God. Who could describe the popular impressions evinced upon that awful day which followed soon after, of which the bare name is so full of mystery, which saw the devout kiss imprinted by such multitudes upon the mystic sign of mourners—or that universal joy which hailed the festival of the human race, commemorative of its great deliverance from the sting of direful death!"

Mores Catholici.

We read of St. Ambrose, that when any one reminded him of any defect, he thanked them, as having conferred upon him a singular kindness.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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